The DARK RROR

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE Author of "The False Faces," "The Lone Wolf," Etc.

Illustrated by Irwin Myers

"RED SENT FOR ME."

L 'nopsis.-Vaguely conscious of a double personality, but without any idea of its meaning, the girl, Lecnors, makes her accustomed way into the Street of Strange Faces in the underworld of New York. Mario Joins her. Greatly in love and seeing the fine qualities which the girl reality accesses. Mario the girl really possesses, Mario seeks to turn her from the path of inevitable destruction. She prom-less to marry him. At Ristort's cafe, gathering place of criminals, Leonora meets her partner, "Red" Carnehan, and his associates, and is accused of betraying a fellow criminal to the police. She sav-agely defends herself. Police crash into the room and two are killed by Carnehan. Leonora and the rest escape. In her studio, Priscilla escape. In her studio, Priscula Maine, wealthy artist, awakes from troubled sleep with a distinct feel-ing of having her life linked with Leonora's Priscilla has painted a picture of herself in fancy dress-a gipsy-which has a strange effect a gipsy—which has a strange effect on her. Unnerved, and fearful that her mind is affected, Priscilia calls to her aid a dear friend, Dr. Philip Fosdick, who is in love with her. He is stunned to find that her dream story of the police fight is confirmed by the newspapers. Priscilia teils him about the mystery of her mother, who died when she was born. He sees the effect of the painting and pronounces it a case of auto-hypnosis. Priscilia makes him promise not to go to the police and he begins investigating for himself.

IV. MERE PAINT AND CANVAST

After one week of gadding about, of storing, Priscilla felt quite fed up happy till she did. And why not? she demanded when

she failed to get Philip on the telephone and secure his professional peron to return to her studio. few days" of trifling was all he had stipulated; and those few had served. dreamed no more of Leonora or that, indeed, seemed remote and unimportant. What though she had dreamed a nightmare which coincided so mysriously with actual events as to scare her nearly out of her wits? After all, it was at worst a dream; and in this delightfully substantial and matter-of-

She found Ada Moyer pottering with a hopeless daub of still life, spent most of the morning giggting and gossiping. eon, and left her there with some friends who needed a fourth at bridge; an arrangement perfectly agreeable to the panels. Priscilla; it was hard enough at any time to settle down to work after a spell of idling, it was the next thing to a panting murmur: "Nora! . . . an impossibility with Ada on the Nora!

The quiet of the empty studio was soothing and grateful. Priscilla sighed contentedly, wheeled the heavy easel over to its stand beside the pier glass, shrugged into a paint-smeared smock, and in the next fifteen minutes did nothing whatever but sit in a chair before the self-portrait, in stirless, intent study of her work.

Again it seemed good in her sight, fecidedly the best thing she had ever done; and yet she was dissatisfied; something was wrong, something was missing without which it could not prove convincing.

The head she must not touch, lest one misjudged stroke mar the excelence of its spirited gesture. Neither could she see any way to improve her painting of the figure. The folds of he skirt needed some little attention, not much, possibly half an hour's . No: the fault was in a background treated in a fashion too scademic and tame to suit that brildant counterfelt of life. At length, rising, Priscilla took up

her palette and from fat shining tubes squirted upon its satiny surface sleek colls of color. For hours she worked stendily, ab-

sorbed, till a premature change in the light broke the spell. With a slight frown of annoyance she looked up to find the frosted glass of the northlight overcast with pale blue shadow No matter: her task was ended, and sooner than she had thought It would be. A few days more and she could "She put aside brushes and palette

shut the windows (through which now a cold, strong draught was blowing) drew the draperies close, and returned to the chair before the portrait.

Reverle led her insensibly back to Faces whose dim reaches stretched away indefinitely behind that painted shape of dream. The effect of return to old associations grew strong, she could veritably see, she could almost smell and hear the Street . . .

She knew a period of mental uncertainty, of daze and wonder, out of which grew the sensation she had once before experienced of confusion of identity with the woman in the portrait. Inexplicably something impalpable yet essential seemed to go out from her to the other, with whose ly, so that for the moment she had no | t'night." true existence save upon that painted surface, where she paused, hesitant, strange threshold, before passing on place of vast and shapeless spaces street? Suppose I don't come?" where there was neither light nor farkness, wherein consciousness grew faint and the sense of Self was blotted out entirely . . .

V. BEYOND THE THRESHOLD. nert chaos, spectral walls like veils up to-or Inez?" of mist took shape, closed in, added unto themselves a floor and celling, assumed a semblance of stability, became a boxlike room wherein her that night. Red sent me." spirit was pent in a mood of sluggish and melancholy mutiny: a room hatefully familiar to her in its every hideous detail: its poisonous wall paper, stained celling and threadbare lin- silver ring he wears-anything." deum, its iron sink in the corner, its stove linked to an overhead jet by without yuh. Besides, it ain't safe. frayed tubing, its shelf from which goin' there too often. The bulls might hung articles of dejected clothing, its | see and follow me." shaky iron bedstead with sagging "Well, what about me? What if

which her Self lay, half dressed and it's all right if I get pinched along whether she waked or slept . . .

Weariness and disconsolation were eloquent in her posture as she rested so." on her side, a hand between her head less eyes, in sallow cheeks whose nor- yuh." mal hue was clearest pallor barely firm-lipped mouth. A mutter of far thunder swelled and

The girl moved only her eyes, look-

storm-black sky. not it rained? She was condemned, guy-" apparently, to endless imprisonment in this dismal place whose threshold "I don't know what you're talking her foot had not crossed in so many about!" days she had lost count of them.

The room grew dark, the sky more the gloom, and again distant thunder boomed and grumbled into silence. By the pert tin clock whose stridulation was the only voice her hiding place had heard in days, the hour was barely five.

She wondered why she had taken should. It's all rig the trouble to look. What was the hafta be afraid—' use of it, this keeping count of time? What was time indeed but waste, one long-drawn torment of waiting in idleness and impotence for the sign that never came to set her free?

She could have shricked for sheer shopping and theaters and dances and exasperation of ennul without alloy. She told herself that anything were with distractions. She wanted to get better than such a fate as this. Why back to her work, and wouldn't be not shrick till her cries fetched the police? Or, better still, arise, go forth, and court arrest? A cell in the Tombs were preferable to this place of dubious security. Was she less a prisoner here than she would be there? But she did not shrick, she did no

move, she did nothing, but remained as she had been on awakening from Red Carnehan or Mario. Today, all the desolating stupidity of unneeded sleep, so still she scarcely seemed a living, breathing being.

More lurid lightning, a deeper diapason of thunder, again that breath-

Of a sudden she left the bed and in one soundless bound gained the midfact world, coincidences don't count die of the floor, where she paused in with anybody except novelists hard the crouch of a hunted thing at bay, her wide gaze fastened to the door. Through a walt so long that she

concluded her hearing must have been at fault, she heard nothing. She recarried her off to the Ritz for lunch- laxed, drew a deep breath-and grew rigid with alarm when she heard the With an ear to the crack between

door and frame she seemed to detect

She called guardedly: "Who's there?" A voice of greater confidence replied: "Me-Charlie-le' me in!"



"Honest t' Gawd, Nora, Yuh Got Me Wrong!" the Coke Protested.

She drew a bolt and turned the kneb. distrustfully opening the door a few inches with a shoulder to it, prepared to slam it shut with all her might should she find cause to think she was being tricked. In the outer murk, the pale contour of a face she knew was memories of the Street of Strange just discernible. She stood aside and let its owner enter.

"Well? What do you want?" The Coke returned a twisted, placating grimace. "I don't want nothin'. Red sent me

to tell vuh he wants vuh." "Red!" She caught her breath sharply. "Where-f" "I dassent tell. He made me take me oat'. But he wants yuh."

"When? How?" "T'night. He says it's all right, Ristori's kep' his trap shut. Th' bulls ain't wise to Red and Leo's hang-out. spiritual essence it blended intimate- He wants yuh shou'd come to him

"He does?" There was a trace of challenge in her tone that was less doubtful, confused, as on some dark disguised when, after brief deliberation, she demanded: "Suppose I don't? and away into a vague half world, a What if the bulls pipe me in the The dope slave shuffled spasmodically.

"Red says vuh're to-" "So you say. But how do I know he foes? How do I know Red sent you here to tell me that? How do I know Out of nothingness, out of a sort of this ain't some dodge the Nut put you

"Hones' t' Gawd, Nora, yuh got me wrong!" the Coke protested. "I ain't seen the Nut, nor Inez either, sinst "Prove It."

"How'm I gonna do that?" "Go back to Red and bring me something to prove he sent you-that

"I would, Nora"-the protestation chairs and common table clut- was convincingly earnest-"but I das- no building inspectors around while the tered with solled crockery and a gas sent. Red'll half kill me if I go back job was being done.

half conscious, too bored to care with Red and Leo." The girl gave a gesture half impatient, half defiant. "Nothing doing. You tell Red I said

"Red says, tell yuh if yuh don't and the emaciated pillow, and written come t'night somepin yuh won't like'll legibly in bluish shadows under list- happen to that Wop what's stuck on

Mario! Her lips framed warmed by glowing health, in the un- without uttering the name. She restudied disarray of her masses of fine treated a pace, convulsively tightenblack hair, in the sullen cast of her ing the fist that clutched the folds over the kimono above her bosom. "What-what are you talking

about?" "What Red said to tell vuh. Take ing up to a window that revealed the it from me, Nora, yuh better do like he says. Somebody's been givin' him What mattered it to her whether or an earfull about yuh an' that Spanish

"Spanish guy?" she echoed shrilly.

"Maybe so, maybe not." The Coke licked his lips with a furtive tongue. savage. A sword of lightning slashed "Anyhow he's sore. If I was vuh. and didn' want no more trouble I'd do like Red says." After a while the girl said sullenly

"How am I going to find him if you won't tell me where he is?" "I'll take yuh there. Red said I should. It's all right, Nora-yuh don't "What time-?"

"Where'll I meet you?" "In the room upstairs at-" A lurid flame of lightning dried speech upon his lips. Terrified, he

"Ten o'clock tonight."

cowered back to the wall. Darkness fell. Thunders shook the tenement on its foundations, crash upon rippling crash. Half stunned, the girl felt the leash upon her senses slipping. Her hands caught wildly at nothing-

VI. THE STORM. Body and soul seemed welded into one taut string vibrating in agonized response to the fury of the tempest: she found herself standing far from the chair in front of the easel, in quivering affright gazing over-shoulder at the featureless long rectangle of the portrait in the shadows. Rain sluiced the skylight in wind-

whipped waves, with a crisp, tearing Thunder rocked the skies, ripped and raved, rumbled away in lessening reverberations. Then without warning the gloom was abolished by a ghastly Illac glare-and the face on the canvas started out of its dark background with an uncanny look of life, the gay mockery of its smile dis- who won the war and it is in his honor that the torted into grinning malice. She was fain to switch on the lights to lay that | circumstance of state display. ghostly leer.

Even then she dared not look again, With nead averted, she swung the easel round so that the painting faced thus honored ever have got into the fighting the wall.

Still she was ill at ease in the company of the thing. She could not forget how that cold electric blaze had emed to wake the painting into goblin life, transient but terrible. The memory of its jeering smile persisted. Like a specter unseen but importunate at her shoulder, round a corner of her consciousness, denied but insistent, the notion lurked of the work of her own hands turned monster, preternaturally inspired with a spirit of fatal animus . .

She had a crawling shiver of superstitious dread. Commonsense was powerless to comfort her with its assurance that she had merely had one more hypnotic hallucination induced by auto-suggestion. Instinct insisted onsense for once was wrong. that there was more in this than the human mind, fettered to the claims of channel to Dover, passing into the harbor as cannatural laws, could comprehend or non from the fort roared their salute of nineteen cope with. Surely supernatural forces guns. Other honors to which a field marshal is were here at work . . .

She strove without success to cast out that thought. . . .

Comparing her wrist watch with nemory of the hour marked by the clock in Leonora's refuge, she reckoned her lapse from full waking consciousness had not lasted longer than five minutes: in that scant spell her soul had journeyed far, tarried a while from the station to Whitehall was composed of in communion with another, and re- 100 men of all services who won the Victoria turned with a freight of fears, of cross. The pallbearers were field marshals and doubts and cares that threatened the admirals of the fleet, including Viscount Douglas stability of her reason; in those few Haig, Earl Beatty, admiral of the grand fleet, and moments the work of a week had been Maj. Gen. Sir Hugh Trenchard, commander of undone. She stood now where she British air forces. Battalions of guards, with had been immediately after the last their bands, and a few officials made up the rest preceding dream, poised perilously of the escort. near the verge of derangement, haunted by a shape of fear no whit less aw- of the highest rank were pallbearers and the highful if it were after all only the creature of her imagination.

Within five hours her other self must go to keep an assignation with a tives to attend the services, and thousands upon murderer. Fancy pictured Leonora stealing through streets of sinister plain oaken casket, swaying on its caisson as it shadow to that rendezvous with a fate inscrutable . . .

But not for Leonora was all this torture of solicitude. Through unhappy mischance Mario had been marked for Red's enmity. And where Red hated, tenure of life was treacherous . . . Now it was revealed to her that, however inexplicable the affinity of their souls, however dissimilar their circumstances and irreconcilable their

ways of thought and standards, in this respect Leonora and Priscilla Maine were one; in love with Marlo, she had loved Mario always, ever since that time, long past, when he had first figured in her life of dreams.

And contemplating the prospect of living through the night to come, under whose impenetrable cover Mario and Leonora must work out their dark entangled destinies, while she waited. powerless to help or hinder, in an igporance irremediable and maddening Priscilla felt a shadow fall athwart her understanding, as black and cold

The Hop Joint.

are two sorts of watches-the "long-(TO BE CONTINUED.) watch" of four hours, and the "dogwatch" of two hours, but, strictly Might Be Condemned. speaking, a watch means four hours. It's a lucky thing for some architects The dog-watches are two short of their own fortunes that there were watches, one from 4 to 6 in the morn-

Indubitable Proof. "Are that man's dealings fair?" "Sure. He deals in peroxide blonde

o the Unknown Dead! by John Nickinson Sherman ARC DE TRIOMPHE Two soldier dead, picked in the dark From out of the untagged grave, Unknown, unsung, without a mark Of fame or glory of the brave— Genius or clod or knave, We know their all they gave; We know they died to save-WESTMINSTER And one shall sleep beneath the Arc And one in Abbey nave. With this to be by all men read: "In Honor of the Unknown Dead." -J. D. S. Here to the Abbey, where all the greatest, All of England's greatest dead are put to lie-Here to the Abbey bring we this latest One who for England knew how to die. -Stanley Went. REAT BRITAIN and France celeland so bereft who brated the second anniversary of applied for a place the end of the Great War by paygot it, but less than ing tribute to the "Unknown half the other appli-Dead." In London the body of an cants for seats were unknown British soldier was buried successful, owing to in Westminster Abbey. In Paris

the lack of space. After the 100 had been promised seats,

the next to be considered were those mothers who lost their only sons, or all their sons, and

the body of an unknown French

soldier was laid at rest under the

Arc de Triomphe.

artillerist?

Who won the Great War? Was it the British,

For it was the man in the ranks who won the

For "Unknown Dead" is merely a symbol. For

Unknown Dead" read "Man in the Ranks"-

the common man who did his duty, offered his all,

won his fight or gave up his life and is unknown,

unhonored and unsung. No citation contains his

name. No decoration is his. This is the man

"Unknown Dead" are buried with the pomp and

Nor need this man of the rank and file ever

have reached the firing line. Many a potential

here never got to the front. Nor need this man

ranks. Many a patriot who did his bit most

loyally was rejected by the recruiting bilicer. If

gave his country the best he had, he shares

In honoring the "Unknown Dead" the British and

French give utterance to their recognitions

that democracy of service and of sacrifice which

is the foundation of society and the salvation of

nations. The ceremony is for the living even

Great Britain buried her "Unknown Dead"

with the honors of a field marshal's funeral. The

body was that of a soldler, name and rank un-

known, selected at random from the silent hosts

at Ypres-whether English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh,

Canadian or Australian is not known. It was

received at Boulogne with the highest honors by

The casket was carried through lanes of sol-

diers at "present arms" to the British destroyer

Verdun. Flanked by four French and six British

destroyers, the funeral ship steamed across the

entitled were paid as the casket was carried from

The historic "Padre's flag," used at innumerable

"A British Warrior Who Fell in the Great War,

The immediate guard which escorted the body

King George was chief mourner, army officers

est officers of the church assigned the warrior's

In addition, the entire empire sent representa-

thousands massed into the streets to glimpse the

Aside from members of the royal family, who

included Queen Mary, Queen Mother Alexandra

and Queen Mand of Norway, and a few officials,

the only witnesses to either ceremony were per-

Of all the witnesses that packed Whitehall or

crowded the abbey, a little band of approximate-

ly 100 women in the abbey received the most rev-

erent attention. They had been selected for the

seats of honor because each had lost her hus-

band and all her sons. Every woman in Eng-

proceeded from railway station to abbey.

sons who lost relatives in the great war.

on its trip through the crowded and silent streets

funerals after the fighting at Ypres, covered the

the destroyer to the special train for London.

coffin whose plate was inscribed:

1914-1918 for King and Country."

body to its final rest.

Great War. And that is what Great Britain and

France are proclaiming to the world by thus

honoring the "Unknown Dead."

the honors of Armistice Day.

more than for the dead.

French and British soldiers.

the French, the Americans? Was it Joffre, Pe-

tain, Pershing, Foch? Was it sailor, airman,

All helped. No need to make comparisons.

then came women who lost their husbands only. They were given positions in accordance with the price they had paid during the war. A girl who wrote she had lost nine brothers killed or missing was given a ticket, as was also a twelve-year-old boy who wrote:

"The man in the coffin might be my daddy." As "Big Ben," the great clock in the tower of the parliament building, began to strike the hour of eleven, King George, facing the coffin of the unknown soldier, which was resting on a gun carriage, drew a cord that released the union jack draped about a cenotaph in Whitehall erected to the "Glorious Dead." and after the last stroke of the hour, thousands of people, who crowded Whitehall as far as one could see in either direction, remained absolutely silent for two minutes.

During the brief services in the nave of the abbey the king stood at the foot of the grave, the royal ladies and princes ranging themselves on either side. The casket was transferred from the carriage to the altar where the archbishop of Canterbury conducted the selemn funeral ritual. As the coffin finally was lowered into its crypt, a battery of artillery in the adjoining St. James park, fired a field marshal's salute of 19 guns-

the highest military honor accorded anyone outside royal rank. Official and civilian France paid honor to the memory of the nation's sons who fell during the Great War, the ceremonies lending a solemn atmosphere to the celebration of the second anniversary of the armistice. Paris, accustomed to observing its victory days and national fetes with rejoicing, turned aside this year and dedicated the day to memory and recognition of the sacri-

fice by hundreds of thousands of dead, who are sleeping in cemeteries along the battle lines. Called from its grave on the field of Verdun. the body of an unidentified French "poilu" was carried with pomp and ceremony through the streets and reburied under the Arc de Triomphe. The bodies of eight unidentified French soldiers, exhumed from as many sectors of the former bat-

tle line, from the Belgian frontier to the Vosges, arrived at the Verdun citadel the day before. In a low casemate the eight bodies lay in state that night surrounded by a thousand lighted candles, while stern men and weeping women filed silently past. On a stand nearby were trophies from the City of Verdun which were to be deposited upon the coffin of the unknown soldier chosen and to accompany the body in its last journey to the Arc de Triomphe, there to remain throughout time. The trophles were the Croix de Guerre, the insignia of the Legion of Honor, the Military Cross, the Order of Leopold, the Distinguished Service Medals, sabers of honor pre-

the Italic Military Medal and numerous others. One body was chosen from among the eight by Private August Thin, a native of Caen, Brittany, who was a volunteer during the war. At the request of Andre Maginot, minister of pensions, the veteran placed his hand on one coffin and the veteran's choice was the "Unknown Dead" of a solemn and impressive ceremony.

sented by China and Japan, the Greek War Cross,

In addition, France took occasion to remember that 50 years ago the country, defeated by Germany, owed its very existence for a time to Leon Gambetta, who took virtual control of affairs in Paris when the city was besieged by Germans and later succeeded in organizing armies to continue the futile struggle against the Teuton invaders. The heart of Gambetta, which had been preserved since his death in 1882, was inurned in

the Pantheon, the national shrine of France. The procession formed in Place Denfert Rochereau at 8:30 o'clock, the head of the column standing in the shadow of the huge statue of the Lion of Belfort, which represents the spirit of the

TARS TO THE SOLDIER DEAD

city in offering bitterest resistance to the Germans in 1870.

First came mutilated soldiers and veterans of the Great War, then troops from Alsace and Lorif his 49.2-lbs.-to-the-bushel oats at raine and then colonials. General Berdoulat, governor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international, and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international, and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and with 240 compensor of Paris, followed, preceding flags used in the international and the i the late war, behind which came General Falque hampionship and sweepstakes. This and staff, bearing artillery flags, and General Derescas and staff, above whom waved cavairy seen said, when he was a boy he took

Faded and shattered flags of 1870, recently retrieved from Potsdam and Berlin and carried by veterans of the Franco-Prussian war, escorted the substant was the practical impossibility of a man without a large car bearing the heart of Gambetta, who resisted desperately giving these very flags to Prussia in the hour of defeat

A delegation of noncommissioned officers of all arms separated this car from the 155-gun carriage upon which lay the body of the unknown soldier. President Millerand and all members of his cabinet walked behind it, accompanied by the lity, and he embraced it. Beginning three French marshals-Joffre, the hero of the it 15 years of age with 160 acres of Marne; Foch, whose genius accomplished the final rirgin prairie, and with no practical defeat of Germany, and Petain, whose defense of tarming experience, he has now, by Verdun will forever live in French song and story. perseverance and industry, increased The procession terminated with delegations als holdings to nearly 1,000 acres. from the St. Cyr and Polytechnic schools, repub- Such is the brief history of the man lican guards, colonial infantry, Senegalese units, who carried off the championship for aviation officers, two batteries of 75's and one of the best grown oats, and it is also an 155's. As the procession entered Boulevard Sainte example that might well be followed Michel there was heard in the distance, from the by many who are struggling today forts surrounding Paris, the first shot of a 100- against the prices received for the gun salute.

At 9:30 o'clock the procession reached the to those who, as was the case with Pantheon, where President Millerand made a Mr. Lucas, had little means but an short address. It then continued down Boulevard abundance of energy and a flood of St. Michel and Boulevard St. Germain, crossing ambition. Nowhere are there offered the Seine by the Chamber of Deputies bridge. It inducements such as are offered in circled Place de la Concorde, passing the statues Western Canada. of Lille and Strausburg, and proceeded up the Champs Elysees. It reached the Arc de Triomphe class for hard spring wheats and 20

Armistice day was observed all over the United States and in many ways. No national celebration was held and where the bugiers blew taps to American dead it was to the "Soldier Dead" and not to the "Unknown Dead."

Secretary of War Baker was asked to authorize the removal of the body of an unidentified American soldier from France for interment in the planned Victory hall, Pershing square, New York city. He refused the authorization, Mr. Baker said that if the United States were

to follow the example of Great Britain and France such burial of an American soldier should be in the amphitheater at Arlington or in some of the government public buildings. He said that the removal of a body to the planned Victory hall in New York would set a precedent and that many other cities and towns would "not be contented to be denied the same opportunity to show reverence and respect." Whatever the result, an American precedent

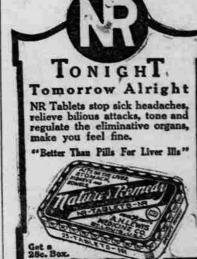
has been already set. In fact, America set it for the world. In Arlington rises a monument, dedicated more than half a century ago with ceremony, on which is this inscription:

"Beneath this stone repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock Their remains could not be identified but their names and death are recorded in the archives of their country and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace. Sept. A. D. 1866." Armistice day seems destined to come to mean

to the whole world what Independence day means to America. How better express that meaning than through

honors to the "Unknown Dead?"

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief BELL-ANS tration of state laws for the protection | migratory birds. The recommendation ployment of approximately 2,000 sal- cial stamps to be issued by postmas



GIVEN HIGH PLACE

international Honors Awarded

Western Canada Products.

Proof of What Can Be Done, With Intelligence and Industry, on

Good, Low-Priced Land.

The 1920 International Live Stock show at Chicago was probably the best that has ever been held, and as is pointed out by a Canadian newspaper writer, the number and quality of the

exhibits "indicated a new milestone on the road of progress." This year

it was truly "International." The part

that Canada took showed a spirit of

friendliness on both sides of the line

Six provinces of Canada were rep-

resented in varying degrees, and when

the handsome share of the prizes that

were carried off by our northern

neighbors, achieving phenomenal suc-

cess in view of tremendous competi-

tion, is considered, there is reason to

hope that in the minds of these people

there will grow ar esteem for the

International that will be helpful to

Canada won a number of champion-

ships, not the least of which was the

weepstakes carried off by Mr. J. C. Mitchell, of Dahinda, Saskatchewan.

In this award may be seen an object

esson, going to show that it is not

ilways the man born with a silver

spoon in his mouth to whom the

rreatest degree of success will attach.

it will be interesting to relate that

Mr. Mitchell, the recipient of these

creat honors, came from the manufac-

uring city of Manchester, England,

macquainted with farming, but with

he lure of the land upon him. Be-

ause he had been told of the success

hat followed the tiller of the soil of

Vestern Canada, fifteen years ago he

lecided to make his home in Canada,

ind selected as a homestead the land

ipon which he grew the wheat that

ias brought him a world's champion-

thip. It is true he had his ups and

lowns, but he continued and is now

enjoying the fruits of his labor and

he experience gained in a manner

of life that was enjoyable. But he

s still a simple farmer and will con-

inue growing grains that, with the

mowledge he possesses, industry that s essential, and above all, a soil and

dimate that are favorable, will se-

ure many more world's champion-

Well, then, too, there was born at

Stratford, Ontario, a boy named Lu

as, now of man's estate. Although a

own boy he always had a desire for

'arming. He moved to Alberta to the

ieighborhood of Cayley, and those

sho have had no idea where Cayley

s will know now, for Mr. Lucas has

setitors against him he took the

vas a notable achievement. As has

liking to farming, but the greatest

amount of capital purchasing the

righ-priced farm lands of the settied

parts in the neighborhood he lived in.

lowever, after leaving school he

neard of the law-priced lands of West-

ern Canada. This was his opportu-

produce grown on high-priced land, or

There were 25 prizes offered in the

of them went to Western Canada .-

The man who marries for wealth is

gambler in boarding-house futures.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Those was are in a "run down" condi-dion will notice that Catarrh bothers them much more than when they are is good health. This fact proves that while Catarrh is a local disease, it is greatly indicanced by constitutional conditions.

nfluenced by constitutional conditions HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is

Tonic and Blood Purifier, and acts through the blood upon the mucous surfaces the body, thus reducing the inflammaticand restoring normal conditions.

soning of food, I believe that it will

BELLANS

All druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

olease anyone.-Latin Proverb.

Sure Relief

Advertisement.

that was highly pleasing.

both countries.

25% Selling My Beautiful NECKLACE Sample \$1. Herman Hersog, Oak Park, Ill For Sale—Large Paper Shell Pectans, one two, five pound boxes, 55c pound, parce post prepaid; sample on request. Georgic Pecan Co.. Atlanta, Ga. Agents wanted.

FREGKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Burry's PREGKLES Profile Olintinature Your draugalat and annual field of the Co. 1975 Blocking an Avenue, Children and Co. 1975 Blocking an Avenue, Children and Co. 1975 Blocking an Avenue, Children and Co. 1975 Blocking and Avenue, Children and Co. 1975 Blocking and Co. 1

W. N. U., FORT WAYNE, NO. 1-1921

Acknowledging this incredible fact without protest, Priscilla told herself by the bad level Morle class of game. This sum permits the emcalled for licenses in the form of specific plants.

Federal and State Licenses Annually | made from reports on the number of | wardens. The congressional appropri-Total a Sum That Assumes Quite Respectable Proportions.

THE DOG WATCH.

"Dog-watch" is a corruption of

"dodge-watch." On board ship there

This is a nation of Nimrods. There are 7,000,000 hunters in the that 3,500,000 hunters are exempted un-United States, according to the chief der various state provisions. The re- International Association of Fish, United States game wardens in the blo- turns to the states from licenses was Game and Conservation Commissioners logical survey, United States Depart- approximately \$4,500,000, all of which adopted a resolution calling for the is- try by the negro slaves. The idea ment of Agriculture. This estimate was was expended by the states in adminis- suance of federal licenses for hunting originated in India.

game licenses issued by the various ation for federal game-warden service such licenses would amount to be for protection of migratory birds is tween \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000, which states. In 1919, 3,600,000 state licenses were \$142,500, which permits the employ- could be used for the protection of issued, and in addition it is estimated ment of only 29 salaried wardens.

Formed High Ideals for Wel-

fare of the Race.

At its recent meeting in Ottawa the

Indians Had Peace League the Cayugas and the Senecas, five Iroquolan tribes dwelling in the cen-Red Men of the Sixteenth Century and of establishing lasting peace

aried state game wardens and 600 fee ters and attached to state licenses. It

game.

The League of Nations is not a new and power, or authority. idea for America. In the sixteenth This is according to J. N. B. Hewitt der this form of government all the ing and the other from 6 to 8 in the century there was formed a permanent of the bureau of American ethnology. known tribes of men, not as subject evening, introduced to "dodge" the league of five tribes of Indians for the The founders of this stone-age peoples, but as confederates." routine, or prevent the same men al- purpose of stopping for all time the league of peace, Mr. Hewitt says, were

the Cayugas and the Senecas, five tral and eastern regions of what is today the state of New York. The founders of this league had nev-

was estimated that the revenue from

England obtained the banjo from

America. It was brought to this coun-

among all known men by means of a er heard of Christianity, and yet, to constitutional form of government quote Mr. Hewitt, "they proposed for based on peace, justice, righteousness themselves and for their posterity the greater task of gradually bringing un-

ween keening watch at the same time, shedding of human blood by violence the Mohawks, the Onondagas, Oneidas. Tokyo has 30 daily papers.